

Goldbug 1939/
LO GOLDBUG



284724

Amherst Regional High School Library

Album

39

354724

ARMS LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/golddug1939unse>

The
Gold Bug
of 1939

✻ *Album Issue* ✻

Published by the
SENIOR CLASS of AMHERST HIGH SCHOOL
Amherst, Massachusetts

Foreword

An album of pictures, a book of memories, a record of some of the things we have done, with a prophecy of what we may do, all this has occupied our thought this year in creating our *Gold Bug*. The worry, disagreement, and fun we have had in the preparation of the book we keep for ourselves; but we offer the results of our work for you. After you have perused the book, admiring your accomplishments of the past four years, shelve it among the dignitaries of your album collection. Allow it to gather, within the covers, as much dust as possible. Only in this way will it acquire the prestige of the neighboring, stately volumes. On rainy days, your grandchildren may entertain themselves by looking at the quaint pictures and laughing at the archaic vocabulary. But only in the memories of our classmates can the true humor and spirit of our class be preserved.

—THE EDITORS.

Contents

SENIORS » » » » » » »

CLASS DAY » » » » »

CLASS HISTORY » » »

CLASS PROPHECY » »

CLASS WILL » » » » »

SALUTATORIAN ESSAY

VALEDICTORIAN ESSAY

ACTIVITIES » » » » »

ADVERTISING » » » »

Dedication

Who will teach French A, and whatever subjects are left over? Who will direct club activities this year? Who will be adviser for the Prom Committee? The inevitable answer—Miss Prendergast.

When we were in the eighth grade, we knew her only as a very efficient teacher, who made us learn our vocabularies so that we would “never forget them in high school”. She predicted that we would have to work very hard “over there”. Whether we have or not is beside the point. But we know now that Miss Prendergast certainly works “there”. To teach French, Latin, and English well is a full time job, but it never prevents “Prendy” from directing the activities of study halls, dance committees, Pro-Merito, and Dramatics Club in “latest style”. To our efficient teacher and director of activities, to the fun-loving friend of every class, Lillian M. Prendergast, we dedicate this book.



LILLIAN M. PRENDERGAST

Principal's Letter

TO THE CLASS OF 1939:

We are in a time of unrest, of change, of turbulence, of anxiety, of fear. The brutality and lawlessness of some of the world's governments; the political corruptions exposed periodically in various divisions of our own; the low calibre of the motives activating many of our officials and leaders; the perplexing complexity of our social, economic, and political problems; all combine to try to make us feel insecure, uncertain, fearful, hopeless. It is in such a time that we most need to think down underneath to certain fundamentals, to examine history at long range, to deduce basic truths. There is neither space nor place here for proofs. Nor would I try to hurry any truths so fundamental upon you. These are ideas in the vicinity of which you will need to arrive after long and serious thought. I do urge your consideration of the possible truth of these statements with which I conclude.

Man, the individual, can choose and direct his thoughts, his deeds, his moral standards. The village, the state, the nation, these are the sum of many individuals. Therefore, these groups can choose—their choice guided and influenced by that of each individual. Political honor, sincerity, honesty, idealism, are the sum of the self-respect, sincerity, honesty, ideals of the whole number of individuals, the whole people. Social progress achieved is the result of the sum of individual social aspirations. Economic hopefulness and prosperity are the sum of individual economic effort. Therefore, establish the best in your own life. When possible, spread the influence of the best to others. Make no concession involving fundamental idealistic principles. Think.

You go with our best wishes and highest hopes.

—RALPH W. HASKINS.



MR. RALPH W. HASKINS



Faculty 1939

DORIC J. ALVIANI	<i>Music</i>
ELLANOR F. BATCHILDER	<i>Mathematics</i>
MILDRED S. BROWN	<i>English</i>
ALICE W. CHURCHILL	<i>French</i>
LAURA G. COOLEY	<i>Household Arts</i>
GENEVIEVE H. DWYER	<i>Commercial Subjects</i>
MARJORIE M. EBERHARDT	<i>Physical Education</i>
RUTH E. FEGLEY	<i>Household Arts</i>
ISABEL FIELD	<i>Social Studies</i>
CHARLES E. FOTH	<i>Social Studies, English</i>
IRENE E. HALE	<i>Commercial Subjects</i>
DONALD S. LACROIX	<i>Science</i>
DOROTHY LEE	<i>Commercial Subjects</i>
HOLLIS W. MOORE	<i>Industrial Arts</i>
JOSEPH A. MOORE	<i>English</i>
NORMAN MYRICK	<i>Social Studies</i>
EDITH L. PINNICK	<i>Social Studies, Physical Education</i>
EDWARD POMEROY	<i>Art</i>
LILLIAN M. PRENDERGAST	<i>French, English, Latin</i>
GILMAN A. RANDALL	<i>Music, Science, Mathematics</i>
JOSEPH E. RUSH	<i>Industrial Arts</i>
STEWART SEASS	<i>Science</i>
ARTHUR L. SWIFT	<i>Science, Mathematics</i>
MILDRED A. WEEKS	<i>English</i>
GEORGE E. WILLIAMS	<i>Physical Education</i>
RAYMOND H. WOODMAN	<i>Latin, English</i>
ANNE U. ROGERS	<i>Secretary</i>
ALEXANDER DI GIANANTONIO	<i>Music</i>



Class Poem

AMHERST TOWN is a fair old town,
Where currents of life flow up and down,
Up and down through quiet ways
Year after year of cheerful days.
A dim blue coronal of hills
All her wide horizon fills;
But the central pulse of her being beats
At the corner of Pleasant and Amity Streets.

Pleasant Street is known to fame;
Everybody has heard its name.
Many a fine sight there is seen:
The City Hall and the shady Green,
Lord Jeffery's Inn, and Fraternity Halls,
Offices, stores, and luncheon stalls.
From north to south its smooth ways bend,
With a College astride at either end;
And work and play and business meet
On the pleasant walks of Pleasant Street.

—GEORGE MEASON WHICHER.



== SENIORS ==



Class Officers

ANNA E. SULLIVAN, *Secretary-Treasurer*

FREDERICK A. McLAUGHLIN, JR., *President*

JOHN H. VONDELL, JR., *Vice-President*

ARTHUR L. SWIFT
Class Adviser



HENRY R. ADAMS



DORIS M. AMENDA

URSULA BAKFR



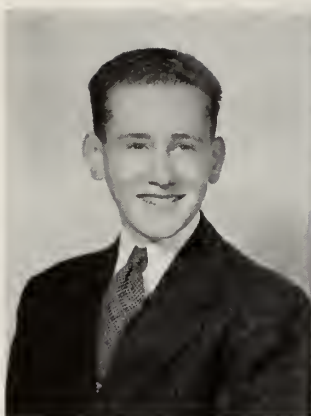
CONSTANCE E. BERGMAN

GOLD BUG 1939



E. ANN BERGMAN

MARGARET M. BOGUSLAWSKI



ROBERT W. BRITT



MARGARET M. BURROWS



DAISY E. CAPEN



HOWARD R. COOKE, JR.

THE *Album Issue*

SOPHIE E. COUCH

DORIS L. COWLES

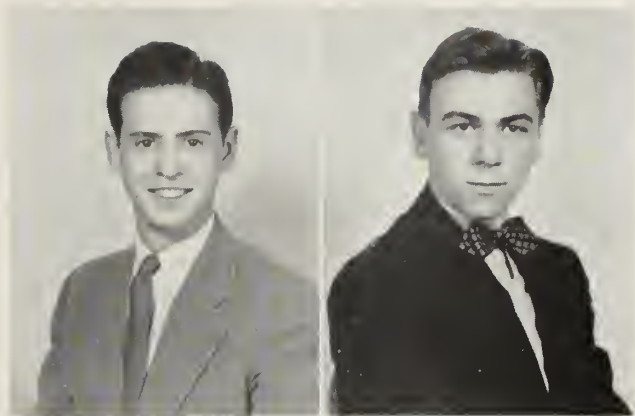


RICHARD J. CRAMER

ROBERT W. CROSSMAN

MAE A. DAMERST

ELLEN A. DANAIFY



GOLD BUG 1939



JAMES W. DAYTON, JR.

SUZANNE V. DISMOND



SARAH S. DICKINSON

RUTH B. DIXON



CHRISTINE M. DOLEVA

LAURENCE L. DONAHUE, JR.

THE *Album Issue*

MARY A. DROSDAL

RICHARD S. FAWCETT

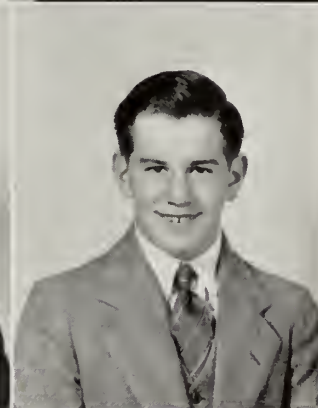


THERESA H. FINN



EVAN FOTOS

CARLOS F. FRAKER



JAMES W. FULTON

GOLD BUG 1939



BARBARA E. GLAZIER

MARION A. GREEN



MARGARET R. GRIFFIN

STACIA A. GWOSCH

RUTH C. HAMLIN

RICHARD R. HARDAKER

THE *Album Issue*

LORRAINE HIRE

ALDEN M. HOBART



JANE H. HOMAN



WILLIAM S. HOSFORD

WAYNE A. HOWARD



JOHN H. F. HOWKINS

GOLD BUG 1939



WILLIAM A. JANSE

DOROTHY M. JOHNSON



THOMAS H. KELLEY



MARY J. KENNEDY



JOSEPHINE B. KISELEWSKI

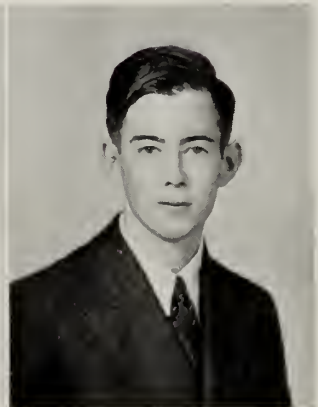


HELEN E. KOSAKOWSKI

THE *Album Issue*

HELEN KOWBA

HAROLD J. LEHANE



MARGARET E. MADDEN

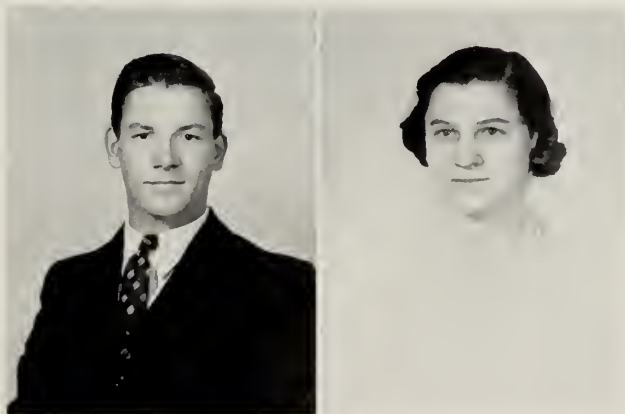
FREDERICK A. McLAUGHLIN, JR.

RITA C. MERCIER

ETHEL H. MESSIER



GOLD BUG 1939

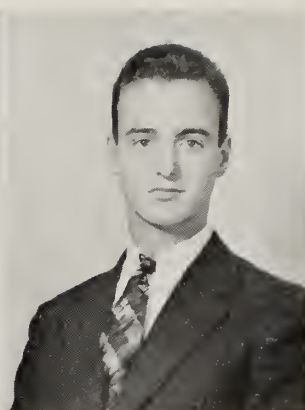


HENRY J. MESSIER

HELEN L. MIENKA



STELLA M. MIENTKA



DONALD W. MILLER



JOSEPH H. MITCHELL



PHYLLIS E. MORGAN

THE *Album Issue*

SABINA T. MOSAKEWICZ

ALICE M. NEEDHAM



CHARLES W. NEWKIRK

TESSIE M. OLESIW

C. LEONARD PAGE

MARGARET E. PAGE



GOLD BUG 1939

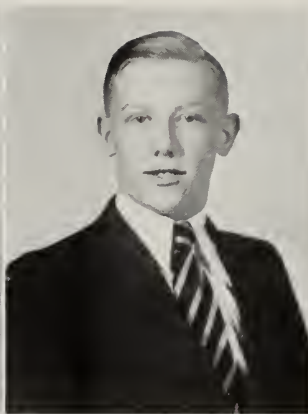


VIRGINIA A. PHILLIPS

HARRIETT P. PUFFER



GEORGE F. PUSHEE, JR.



WILLIAM T. RABINSKI



FRANK E. RAY, JR.



MARY M. ROGERS

THE *Album* Issue

MILTON J. SCARBOROUGH

WILLIAM G. SREX



GERALD E. SHAMPO

JOSEPHINE M. SHEERMAN

MARGUERITE SHEPARD

DONALD F. SMART



GOLD BUG 1939



HILDA G. SMITH

MARY T. SMITH



NANCY T. STEDMAN



PETER P. STELMOKAS



BARBARA A. STEWART



EDWARD G. STILES

THE *Album Issue*

ANNA E. SULLIVAN



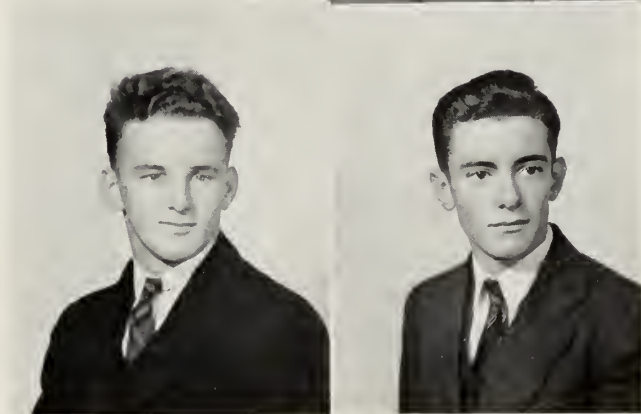
LOCARDIA TARASKA



EVELYN J. THAYER



EUGENE TOCZYDŁOWSKI



JOSEPH A. TOCZYDŁOWSKI

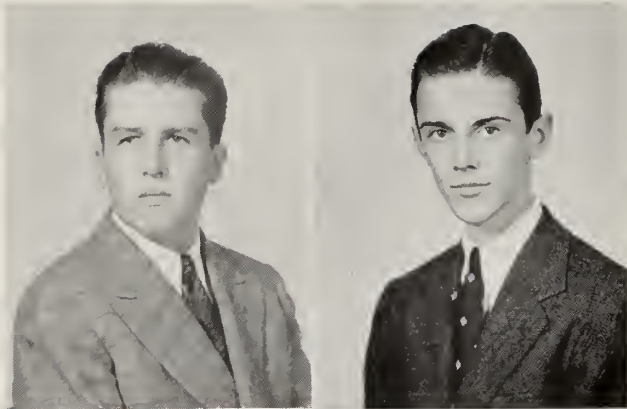
HOWARD B. TURNER

GOLD BUG 1939



LILLIAN I. TURNER

HELEN L. VAN METER



ROLAND H. VERBECK, JR.

JOHN H. VONDELL, JR.



EDWARD C. WARNER

ROBERT E. WATSON

THE *Album Issue*

C. NELSON WATTS, JR.

ROBERT T. WEBBER





PATRICIA H. WELLINGTON

PHYLLIS G. WHITNEY

MARION L. WENTWORTH

ANN E. WOODARD

STANLEY WZIONTKA

As They Should Be	As They Are	Always	Specialties	Rhythms	Ambitions
HENRY R. ADAMS	Pete	"Sleepy"	Dance Committees	"It's The Dreamer In Me"	Doctor
DORIS M. AMENDA	Dot	Studying	Dancing Class	"Dark Eyes"	Cartoonist
URSULA BAKER	Ursula	Trying hard	Horseback Riding	"Some Day My Prince Will Come"	Artist
CONSTANCE E. BERGMAN	Connie	Getting around	Outing Club	"Laugh and Call It Love"	Good Wife
E. ANN BERGMAN	Annie	Keeping up with Connie	Orchestra	"Day Dreaming"	Opera Star
MARGARET M. BOGUSLAWSKI	Peg	With Doris	Dancing Class	"Margie"	Private Secretary
ROBERT W. BRITT	Britty	At the "Greeks"	Dancing Class	"Curly Top"	Architect
MARGARET M. BURROWS	Just Margaret	Tearing around	"Gold Bug" Editor	"One In A Million"	Editor of "Poetry"
DAISY E. CAPEN	Red	Jocund	Swimming	"Lookie! Here Comes Cookie!"	Secretary
HOWARD R. COOKE, JR.	Dusty	Ready and willing	Skating	"Smiles"	Painter
SOPHIE E. COUCH	Bunny	Envid	Dancing Class	"Sometimes I'm Happy"	Stenographer
DORIS L. COWLES	Dee	Introspective	Chemistry	"All God's Chillun Got Rhythm"	Nurse
RICHARD J. CRAMER	Ferdinand	"Prince Charming"	Dramatics	"This Is The Life"	Dancer
ROBERT W. CROSSMAN	Bob	Borrowing	Track	"You Couldn't Be Curer"	Aero nautics
MAE A. DAMERST	Mae	In demand	Tri-S President	"Ain't Misbehavin'"	Style Shop Owner
ELLEN A. DANAHEY	Ell	Persevering	Basketball	"A Sailboat In The Moonlight"	Secretary
JAMES W. DAYTON, JR.	Jim	Under water	Hi-Y	"Sweet Sue"	Sailor
SUZANNE V. DESMOND	Sue	Quite cute and quiet	Basketball	"Horses, Silly Old Horses"	Nurse
SARAH S. DICKINSON	Sally	"La donna e mobile"	Swimming	"Sweet As A Song"	Psychiatrist
RUTH B. DIXON	Ruthie	In the objective case	English	"Sweet Someone"	Aviatrix
CHRISTINE M. DOLEVA	Tina	In the thick of it	Tri-S	"Stop Beatin' Round The Mulberry Bush"	Bookkeeper
LAURENCE L. DONAHUE, JR.	Larry	A bit O'Blarney	"Graphic" Editor	"Marie"	Lawyer
MARY A. DROSDAL	Mary	Passive	Basketball	"You Rascal, You!"	Secretary
RICHARD S. FAWCETT	Dick	Forgetting that period	Swimming	"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"	Commercial Artist
THERESA H. FINN	Finny	Has the right angle	Basketball	"Music, Maestro, Please"	Mathematician
EVAN FOTOS	Ev	Sincere	Vice President of Hi-Y	"It's The Little Things That Count"	Business
CARLOS F. FRAKER	Chopin	Quibbling	The Arts	"You're A Natural"	Concert Pianist
JAMES W. FULTON	Jimmy	Stirring sodas	Hi-Y	"Lovely To Look At"	Doctor
BARBARA E. GLAZIER	Barb	Buying wholesale	"Gold Bug" Typist	"You're Lovely, Madame"	Secretary
MARION A. GREEN	Marion	Immaculately dressed	Tri-S	"All You Want Is To Dance"	Florist
MARGARET R. GRIFFIN	Peg	A new coiffure	Art	"My First Impression of You"	Nurse
STACIA A. GWOSCH	Stase	One of us	Basketball	"You're An Education In Yourself"	Stewardess
RUTH C. HAMLIN	Woofus	Infalible	Nature Study	"Lost In The Shuffle"	Scientist
RICHARD R. HARDAKER	Dick	Hanging on	Football	"All Of Me"	Amateur Radio Station Owner
LORRAINE HIRE	Lorraine	High, wide and handsome	Outing Club	"Runnin' Wild"	Nurse
ALDEN M. HOBART	Puddy	Among those present	Football	"Oh, Ma-Ma!"	Sports Coach
JANE H. HOMAN	Janie	Writing poetry	"Gold Bug" Typist	"It's Easier Said Than Done"	Private Secretary
WILLIAM S. HOSFORD	Bill	The philosopher	Photography	"Wayne The Moon Comes Over The Mountain"	Minister
WAYNE A. HOWARD	Wayne	Retiring	Baseball	"You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby"	Charcoal Business
JOHN H. F. HOWKINS	Jack	Everywhere	Hi-Y	"Billy The Kid"	Medical School
WILLIAM A. JANSE	Bill	Absent	Track	"Dinah"	Artist
DOROTHY M. JOHNSON	Dorothy	Prepared	Girl Scouts	"Lost In A Fog"	Journalist
THOMAS H. KELLEY	Kell	Etching	Art	"She's Tall, She's Tan, She's Terrific"	Cartoonist
MARY J. KENNEDY	Sandy	An Olympic bid	Swimming	"Wouldn't I Be A Wonder"	Swimming Instructor
JOSEPHINE B. KISELEWSKI	Joe	Camouflaged	"Graphic"	"Getting Some Fun Out Of Life"	Stenographer
HELEN E. KOSAKOWSKI	Helen	In vogue	Dramatics	"So Rare"	Florist
HELEN KOWBA	Ko	Exclusive	Basketball	"Foggy Day"	Teacher
HAROLD J. LEHANE	Harry	Somewhere else	Basketball	"Confidentially"	Horticulturist
MARGARET E. MADDEN	Peggy	Dependable	English	"Nice Work If You Can Get It"	Air Hostess
FREDERICK A. MCLAUGHLIN, JR.	Neddy	Carefree	Class President	"I've Got A Date With A Dream"	Botanist
RITA C. MERCIER	Reet	Improving	Commercial Studies		Bookkeeper

As They Should Be	As They Are	Always	Specialties	Rhythms	Ambitions
ETHEL H. MESSER	Shorty	Meek	Basketball	"Just A Simple Melody"	Hairstress
HENRY J. MESSIER	Henry	Optimistic	Skating	"Skating Down The Old Mill Stream"	Skating Champion
HELEN L. MIENTKA	Minka	Mild	Basketball	"Come Out, Come Out, Wherever You Are"	Dietician
STELLA M. MIENTKA	Stell	Dimpled	Dancing	"On The Sentimental Side"	Stenographer
DONALD W. MILLER	Don	Popular	Basketball	"Prairie Skies and Two Blue Eyes"	Aeronautics
JOSEPH H. MITCHELL	Joe	Out of sight	Sports	"Oh, Joseph, Joseph"	Mechanic
PHYLLIS E. MORGAN	Phleese	Positively charged	Basketball	"Try To See It My Way"	Chemist
SABINA T. MOSAKIEWICZ	Sub	Behind the baby carriage	Foreign Letters	"Start The Day With A Smile"	Stenographer
ALICE M. NEEDHAM	Snooks	In the baby carriage	Girls' Club	"It Ain't Necessarily So"	Ambassador to France
CHARLES W. NEWKIRK	Charlie	Up at Louis'	Track	"Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho"	Electrical Engineer
TESSEE M. OLEKSIW	Tess	Timid	Dancing	"In My Own Little Way"	Private Secretary
C. LEONARD PAGE	Len	Somewhere	Baseball	"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"	Politician
MARGARET E. PAGE	Peg	Petite	Reading	"Long About Midnight"	Commercial Work
VIRGINIA A. PHILLIPS	Gina	Two of us	Dancing	"Be Optimistic"	Secretary
HARRIETT P. PUFFER	Puffer	Belle of the ball	Dance Committees	"The Week End Of A Private Secretary"	Stenographer
GEORGE F. PUSHEE, JR.	Joe	The caveman	Football	"'S Good Enough For Me"	Doctor
WILLIAM T. RABINSKI	Weeny	"Teeny weeny"	Sports	"Who Am I?"	Carpenter
FRANK E. RAY, JR.	Russian	A new one	Dramatics	"I Double Dare You"	Nightclub Owner
MARY M. ROGERS	Lee	Bringing in the notices	Commercial Studies	"A Twinkle In Your Eye"	Bookkeeper
MILTON J. SCARBOROUGH	Middie	A good kid	Bicycling	"Oh Mama, The Butcher Boy"	Electrician
WILLIAM G. SEREX	Bill	Bashful	Photography	"Be A Good Scout"	Chemist
GERALD E. SHAMPO	Jerry	Peddling papers	Hi-Y	"Too Late"	Teacher
JOSEPHINE M. SHERMAN	Joe	A good bet	Dancing Class	"I'm Hatin' This Waitin' Around"	Secretary
MARGUERITE SHEPARD	Dee	A Pelhamite	Crafts	"Making Whoopee"	Commercial Artist
DONALD F. SMART	Red	"Dopey"	Band	"Don't Give A Good Gosh Darn"	U. S. Marines
HILDA G. SMITH	Smitty	Playing basketball	Home Economics	"Out Where The Trail Begins"	Nurse
MARY T. SMITH	Smitty	Petite, pretty and pleasing	Skating	"I Live The Life I Love"	Singer
NANCY T. STEDMAN	Nan	Congenial	Dramatics	"How To Win Friends"	Nurse
PETER P. STELMOKAS	Pete	Calm and collected	Sports	"A-Hunting I Will Go"	Electrician
BARBARA A. STEWART	Bobbie	"C'est l'amour"	Swimming	"Am I In Another World?"	History Teacher
EDWARD G. STILES	Ed	The answer	Swimming	"I Can't Be Bothered Now"	Navy
ANNA E. SULLIVAN	Sully	"Snow White"	Orchestra	"I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams"	Concert Violinist
LOCARDIA TARASKA	Lou	Comparing notes	Commercial Studies	"When You Dream About Hawaii"	Travel
EVELYN J. THAYER	Evie	Demure and dainty	Basketball	"Let Me Whisper"	Stenographer
EUGENE TOCZYDLOWSKI	Butch	One of the boys	Baseball	"Ten Little Miles From Town"	Sports Coach
JOSEPH A. TOCZYDLOWSKI	Toczy	Our hero	Football	"You're The Only Star"	Mechanic
HOWARD B. TURNER	Tuffy	Getting hooked	Fishing	"The Story of the Marines"	Coast Guard
LILLIAN I. TURNER	Shrimp	On the lookout	Home Economics	"The Stamp Collector"	Nurse
HELEN L. VAN METER	Our Willie	Behind the piccolo	Glee Club	"The Latin Quarter"	English Teacher
ROLAND H. VERBECK, JR.	Genesis	"Sneezy"	Junior Play	"Floating On A Bubble"	Chef
JOHN H. VONDELL, JR.	Jack	"Grumpy"	Dramatics	"That Certain Age"	Actor
EDWARD C. WARNER	Buster	Figuring	Football	"So Little Time"	Engineer
ROBERT E. WATSON	Bob	Debonair	Cheer Leading	"Little Drummer Boy"	Hotel Manager
C. NELSON WATTS, JR.	Nellie	Cleaning up	Captain of Football	"You Gotta Be A Football Hero"	Coach
ROBERT T. WEBBER	Bob	On the rostrum	President of Hi-Y	"Naturally"	Senator from Massachusetts
PATRICIA H. WELLINGTON	Duchess	At the piano	Dramatics	"I Love Life"	Artist
MARION L. WENTWORTH	Marn	Reticent	Studying	"Can This Be The End Of The Rainbow?"	Waitress
PHYLLIS G. WHITNEY	Phil	Efficient	Ball	"It Never Rains But What It Pours"	Designer
ANN E. WOODARD	Puppy	Too far away	Dancing	"I'm Bubbling Over"	Travel
STANLEY WZIONTKA	Stan	The stalwart warrior	Football	"Old Straw Hat"	Navy



Pro-Merito

President — ROBERT WEBBER *Secretary* — HELEN VAN METER
Adviser — MISS RUTH FEGLEY

The hours the Pro-Merito members had together were few but memorable ones. Conventions, spring and fall, were educational and riotous times. Not very long after election, Robert Webber, President of the society, and Helen Van Meter, Secretary, led the group to their first convention, typical of them all. The honorable group jolted in the school bus to Williamsburg High School. Having pinned on identification tags, and initiated Miss Fegley, the new faculty adviser, the group attended the business meeting. Laurence Donahue was elected Vice-President of the state society. After a dinner, made more digestible by enthusiastic songs and cheers—Pro-Merito members are noisy—came a speaker from Smith College. Last of all, an ancient tradition of the Amherst delegation, a tradition which most of the members were too superstitious to break, was a trip to the movies. The picture was not very good.

The spring convention in Westfield was not very different. After a substantial luncheon at the school, an “educational” movie was the last “number” of a good day. The society was not disappointed in its quest for knowledge. A comfortable ride home in the “Golden Chariot” completed a day for the Pro-Merito members, and a successful year for the society.



CLASS DAY

History of the Class

THE EPIC OF A HURRICANE

We are a hurricane. No one can remember a class like us. No one presumes to predict one. Gaily blowing through high school, we whirled the teachers off their feet with great gusts of our hot air.

The first day of our Freshman year, we must admit, we were a timid inoffensive breeze, pushed around by the upper classmen. Lost in the vast institution of learning, we allowed ourselves to be led from class to class, while we remained dumb with amazement at all the confusing efficiency. Impressions of strange creatures, high school instructors, and "pillars of mankind", tall upperclassmen who jostled us in the mad scramble in the halls, crowded our minds. We were glad, however, to realize that our fearful expectation of month-long assignments and rigid discipline was all a fantasy. High school was not so bad, after all. As soon as the routine of classes became habit, we elected our officers: President, Fred McLaughlin; Vice-President, Harriett Puffer; and Secretary-Treasurer, Mae Damerst. Though some of us never felt quite right about being taught health, our zephyr gained so much speed and assurance that we essayed everything: we made a collection of anecdotes from Ancient History class, into which we put such gems as "The races of the world are Mongoloid, Negroid, and Celluloid" and "One of the causes of the downfall of the Roman Empire was infant suicide". We also made a shy trial of the social pleasures of the Freshman Reception and the Tri-S Dance, orchestra, glee club, football, baseball, dramatics, everything else that already existed, and much that did not. During those good old days, which we recall fondly, we were (in our opinion) very successful. With half the honors in Prize Speaking and a good reputation in many fields, we were a close second in the Stowell Cup Competition. Moreover, when exams came, we considered them nothing. Our wind was growing in force.

As Sophomores, wise and sedate, we realized that any sensible gale with hurricane ambitions must concentrate. Attempting fewer activities, we performed them better. We gained prominence because of our prizewinning Interclass Play, "Sunset by Slansky", and by our expert assistance to the orchestra, which took first place at the Exposition. As a result of our abilities in these and other lines, we won the Stowell Cup. Fred McLaughlin, as President, Laurence Donahue, as Vice-President, and Mae Damerst, as Secretary-Treasurer, directed our class

business. Rather proud of ourselves, we thought that the faculty must be overwhelmed by our magnitude, scholarship and lung power. Finally, during that spring, realizing that a wind of our size and force could no longer be confined within the crowded rooms of the old building, the town agreed to build an addition in which we might expand during the remaining two years.

Junior year, we realized our growing power, and used it. Though the efficient new system regulating the arteries of high school transportation was slightly disconcerting, we soon made adjustments. Our perpetual president, Fred McLaughlin, again officiated with Laurence Donahue and Harriett Puffer. Though completing our studies to our own satisfaction consumed much time (—There were thirteen members in the exclusive Junior Pro Merito Society—), we did have a few hours free. Sorry to find Mr. Tarlow gone, the orchestra, all the same, carried away first prize at the Exposition under the direction of Mr. Alviani. For our Junior Play, we produced a dramatic success, Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen", which the cast remembers with fondness and the audience with chuckles. After gingerly testing the slippery floors and strange showers of the new gymnasium, we helped stage, as a christening for our new possession, the hilarious, colorful circus, full of clowns, fierce animals, and astonishing feats. After a victory in the Interclass Play Contest with "The Old Pinter Place", and a complete success in Prize Speaking, we took part in "Pinafore",—for us, the final event of the year. Then we stopped to ponder our hurricane's accomplishments. Rightly confident that our qualities had secured the Stowell Cup for the second successive year, we were content.

On September twenty-first of our Senior year, our amateur hurricane was dwarfed by the events of a few hours,—hours which we shall always remember. Wind and rain destroyed our town's beauty, a century's patient growth. In the following days, full of candle-grease, sooty dishes, and strenuous chopping, we slowly came to understand the grandeur of the storm's damage. While helping to restore the comforts and neatness of usual life, we joined in spreading rumors of damage elsewhere, stories seemingly fantastic, but far less horrible than reality.

Sobered, we returned to school to continue the work of our own inspired hurricane by day, and to study with candles by night. We firmly believe that no one could be busier than we were. The football team, mostly Seniors, fought triumphantly, never defeated. With cold logic, and careful research, the debating team argued effectively. The members of the "Gold Bug" society were, occasionally, at peace with one another and the world. Our officers were (and did they work this year!):—President, Fred McLaughlin; Vice-President, John Vondell; and Secretary-Treasurer, Anna Sullivan. During a rare lull in the social and educational whirl, we paused to ponder how near we were to an end, and a beginning. Our energy, accomplishing much in many fields, had been so overwhelming that nineteen teachers, exhausted, we suppose, had

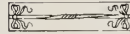
left the high school during our "blow". A higher percentage of the class than customary were in Pro Merito. We thought we were wonderful. We remembered, however, that, as idealistic beginners in the world, or "razzed" Freshmen in college, we must make a new reputation. Our meditation on the future was not long. We soon returned to the actual world of dances, basketball, baseball and even more movies than usual because of a marvelous feature of the Graphic. In March, the town actually voted a playground for the school,—a playground! That was hard for us to imagine who never had had a respectable one of our own. We hoped future classes would not be spoiled. The honors of the Interclass Play Contest again went to us for the intense tragedy, "Auf Wiedersehn". As the end of high school approached, our whirlwind blew itself dizzy, gathering up loose ends, studying in the shadow of college boards, and having a last good time with those whom we might never meet again. With pent-up energy, our hurricane, now at the height of its power, tried to be serious at graduation. Next week, with our minds filled with pictures drawn by our ideals, we set out to storm the world.

Historian: RUTH HAMLIN

Committee: DOROTHY JOHNSON

ALICE NEEDHAM

ROBERT WEBBER



"Vale" To A Small Black Dog

I miss you.
The foolish tail that really talked.
You always knew the time we walked.
What jumps and silly yelps of glee,
What bitings of your leash—and me!
What impatient bouncing in the hall,
You were so swaggering and small!

And oh, those walks!
You scuffled in October's gold,
Defied the whirling leaves so bold,
Rusty leaves against the blackness of yourself,
A bounding, joyous canine elf.

Now when I walk, I never go
Along the ways that pleased you so.

—PATRICIA WELLINGTON.

Class Prophecy

October 9, 3039

As I looked out of the window of the small archaeological building, I saw the departing sun come to a rest on the broad dunes of the Connecticut Valley Desert. Across the sky, great ribbons of color were spreading softening shadows, which fell here and there on the great desert like opalescent carpets. Along one of these paths of light, a small group of workers was returning after a day of excavating. Lazily realizing that I should investigate the results of the work, I called my secretary.

Suddenly the door burst open, sweeping in a tiny old man with an endless piece of crumpled yellow paper.

"I've found it! I've found it!"

When I naively asked what he had found, he glared at me with glassy eyes, and fairly screamed, "A newspaper of the twentieth century— evidence that this valley has been inhabited."

Without stopping for my consent, he thrust the paper before me, and pointed out the important items of the newspaper, edited by a person named Gerald Edwin Shampo. "See the headlines, 'Cooke murders cook for publicity. Howard Cooke, wealthy banker, today confessed that he murdered the cook of a nearby restaurant merely to see his picture on the front page. The confession came at the end of a gruelling cross-examination by "G-Man", Alden Hobart.'" There was also an account of the activities of Edward Stiles, notorious safe-cracker, which were being investigated by Doris Amenda, famous "G-Woman".

Deciding that the century must have been one filled with crime, we turned to the political news. "Frederick McLaughlin enters upon his fifth term as President of the United States, after defeating Phyllis Morgan, international anarchist. Doris Cowles will again be Vice-President. It has been rumored that Mr. McLaughlin is having difficulty in choosing between Ann Woodward and Ruth Dixon for Secretary of the Interior. But it is certain that the social worker, Phyllis Whitney, will be his choice for Secretary of Labor."

Pleased by these bits of historical data, we turned eagerly to a report of a lecture. "Orson Welles, prominent actor, fails to appear at an important lecture while arguing with his secretary, Margaret Burrows, on whether or not, 'the intellect is a speck afloat on the sea of emotions'." Near this article was a short note from the Scilly Islands by the foreign correspondent, Suzanne Desmond. "Howard Turner, British painter of international fame, set sail today for the South Sea Islands. The result of the trip is to be a series of maritime sketches." Beneath this announce-

ment, we read a less pleasant article about the famous Bellefemme Hospital. "Richard Fawcett, statistician, who has been suffering from a nervous breakdown, as a result of overwork, escaped yesterday from the Bellefemme Hospital."

Under the announcement of "Novelties", we found that a dentist, Donald Smart, was discussing the possibilities of his new chair, which, instead of raising the patient, brings him down to Dr. Smart's own level.

The most noteworthy article, however, was from Washington. "Robert Webber, Massachusetts Senator, residing with the 'Last Puritans' on Beacon Hill, is the most sought-after man in the country's capital today. His attractive secretary, Barbara Glazier, has been snowed under piles of letters from Sally Dickinson, and her committee of the Boston Junior League. The complaint is that the benches on the new national highway through Boston face the wrong way."

My attention was immediately attracted by an insignificant note in the lower corner of the page. "John H. Vondell, Jr., public enemy No. 1, when contacted last by civil authorities, made but one remark, 'I am very unhappy!'"

A warm breeze blew over a page. A vivid picture caught our eye—Marion Wentworth, most photographed debutante of Park Avenue, snapped as she entered the Lehane Cafe, escorted by William Serex, Glamor Boy of Hollywood. Also in the society column, we noted that Mary Kennedy, wealthy matron of the "400", had endowed Joseph Mitchell's Old Ladies' Home. On the same page we found the "Whispers Column", edited by Barbara Stewart. "It is rumored that Dorothy Johnson is now employed as a pearl diver. Harriett Puffer eloped last night with her employer, the president of Consolidated Steel. John Howkins, young crooner, was last seen doing duty as a bubble-scooper in Rockefeller Center. It is obvious that Edward C. Warner, engineer, forgot to move his decimal point. Your editor has reason to believe that Mae Damerst, star 'boarder' at the Bellefemme Hospital, is a Christian Science practitioner. Orchids to Nancy Stedman, head nurse at the Bellefemme, for not letting society doctor, George Pushee, go out without his rubbers."

At the bottom of the page was an artistic advertisement announcing a fall showing of gowns, modeled by Margaret Boguslawski, at James Fulton's salon.

Finding the society notes of little importance to history, we turned eagerly to the Radio News with the remark, "Hmm, so they had them in those days".

"At ten this morning, the Toczydowski and Wziontka Alphabet Soup Company will present a new program,—Constance E. Bergman's 'Advice to the Lovelorn'. At four o'clock this afternoon, the news of the stock market will be broadcast direct from the Newkirk Brokerage Office. An hour and a half later, on the same station, Evelyn Thayer, the 'Singing Lady', will be heard. At exactly six this evening, the 'Lone Ranger', starring Donald Miller, with Lorraine Hire supplying the sound effects, will reach the radio audience. At seven thirty, William Janse, as Master of Ceremonies, will present the Cuckoo Hour, with Ellen Danahey as Mrs. Pennyfeather, and Wayne Howard, as the leader of the swing band. The script for the program is written by the celebrated humorist, Mary Drosdal. In a special broadcast from Hollywood at

nine, the exotic star, Daisy Capen, will present a scene from her latest production, 'The Aftermath', in which she is supported by L. Leigh Donahue, young aspirant, as the dumb waiter. In the case of Mr. Donahue's illness, his part will be taken by his stand-in, Sabina Mosakewicz."

In the book-reviews which followed, the latest publication of fiction was Jane Homan's novel, "Reader, Promise You Won't Marry Me". The book of the month was Tessie Oleksiw's biography of atom-smasher Locardia Taraska. Among the children's books, the best seller was "Gertrude, the Goose" by Mary Rogers. On the same page we were confronted by the startling sign: "How do you know you can't reason? Send for my course in Logic in six easy lessons. Address Dr. Alice M. Needham, Professor of Logic, University of California." There was but one other advertisement on the page. "Employ the Van Meter Trot, Latest Translations from Virgil, Cicero, and Woodman".

With a casual "Requiescat in pace" at the mention of the latter name, my companion turned to the "Church Notes", edited by Richard Cramer, abbot in a monastery. The principal discussion of the day, "What shall we do with the past?" was written by Sister Helen Kosakowski.

The announcement of a missionary expedition also appeared among Brother Cramer's notes. The trip was to be supervised by the Reverend Richard Hardaker, aided by Hilda Smith and Josephine Sheerman, singing and cooking instructors respectively. Beside this notice was an advertisement quoting Bishop Hosford. "I always use Stelmokas' Stainless Steel Safety Pins. They stick."

The final section, we discovered, was the inevitable "Woman's Page", edited by William Rabinski. In an essay, "Bring Back the Bustle", Marion Green predicted the fall fashions as seen in Paris. Following the fashions came the recipes in a brief column, "Racy Recipes by Roberte", written by the Waldorf's French chef, Robert Crossman. Robert guaranteed that all the recipes had been sampled by Ethel Messier, his pastry cook. Between these notes and a column of reducing exercises prescribed by Dr. U. Violet Baker, M. D., Quack D., and D. D. D., was an announcement by Bonwit-Teller. "Visit our newly decorated salon. Our staff, internationally known, consists of: Robert Britt, make-up expert; Margaret Griffin, coiffeur expert; and Robert Watson, manicurist. Let us redecorate you at moderate cost." At the bottom of the last page appeared a variation of the old adage: "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach—by means of the Gwosch squash".

So great was my friend's interest that he scarcely realized that he was reading this dusty bit of history in a dark room. For the sun had set. Darkness, like death, had settled over the great desert. Now only the slowly flowing river stirred in the quiet vastness. Carrying in its shadows the silver of the lowly-hung moon, the never ending ribbon disappeared to be lost in another world—a world replacing a page of its eternal history.

Prophet: MARGARET BURROWS

Committee: RUTH HAMLIN

Alice NEEDHAM

ROBERT WEBBER

Class Will

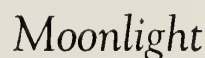
We, the class of 1939, with a tear in our eye, bequeath, in our last combined utterance, our various precious possessions, and mournfully say farewell.

Be it understood that, in spite of our sorrow, we are utterly of sound mind and body.

THE LATIN CLASS	leaves a primer of philosophy to	MR. WOODMAN
THE P. O. D. CLASS	leaves peace and quiet to	MR. FOTH
MARGARET MADDEN	leaves her gym suit to	MISS CHURCHILL
THOMAS KELLEY	leaves his "doodling" to	MR. SEASS
ANNA SULLIVAN	leaves her French accent to	MR. HASKINS
"LEN" PAGE	leaves his baseball bat to (for study hall discipline)	MISS PRENDERGAST
ANN WOODARD	leaves that sweet smile to	MR. HOLLIS MOORE
ALICE NEEDHAM	leaves her paper airplanes and spitballs to	MR. RUSH
HENRY ADAMS	leaves his personality to	"POPSY" NESTLE
CHRISTINE DOLEVA	leaves in a glory of cloudiness	
LORRAINE HIRE	leaves her "differential" to	DOROTHY BARRETT
ANN BERGMAN	leaves her "line" to	KASHA THAYER
HELEN KOWBA	leaves inconspicuously	
RUTH HAMLIN	leaves her strapless evening gown to	"MITCH"
HENRY MESSIER	leaves his best suit to	DORIS ABRAMSON
STANLEY WZIONTKA	leaves his effervescence to	"BRECK" DAYTON
"BOB" WEBBER	leaves the rostrum to (for study hall speeches)	MR. RANDALL
MARGUERITE SHEPARD	leaves her Ford and the speedometer to	MARY MARTIN
SOPHIE COUCH	leaves "them dancing feet" to	DONALD MC CULLOUGH
CARLOS FRAKER	leaves his Benny Goodman records to	"BUD" KNEELAND
THERESA FINN	leaves her Irish brogue to	CONSTANCE RZECKOWSKI
CHARLES NEWKIRK	leaves his place in "Lonis'" to	DEWEY JACQUE
"JOE" TOCZYDLOWSKI	leaves his sloping shoulders to	"DAVE" MEAD

To this, our last will and testament, we affix our seal, hereby revoking and cancelling all other or former wills made by us at any previous time.

PATRICIA WELLINGTON



—JANE HOMAN.

Salutatorian Essay

"THIS UNBELIEVING BELIEF"

The time was early one July morning; the place—a wild-life reservation in Vermont; our guide—a lanky native with a maple sugar complexion, and an untidy jacket which embarrassed his arms from his elbows to his jagged fingers. Starting at the upper end of the valley, we tramped along a foamy brook. A gaudy king-fisher bade us farewell from his business-like perch above the water. For us it was to be a day of eavesdropping on nature. Here near a pool of glassy stillness, herons stopped to drink. Over a mossy log listening rabbit ears were drooping. We surprised a timid, black-nosed faun showing his dainty head in a wreath of birch leaves. All morning there were delightful glimpses of nature's secrets. The afternoon came, and left long shadows on the mossy paths; later, evening. Save for the occasional cry of a lonesome owl, the crispings of the leaves underfoot were the only sound. In the heavens, a single star came forth and shone. Impressed by the silent beauty, my friend enthusiastically questioned the guide, "You must be very happy here?"

After some thought, accompanied by vigorous scratching of the head, he replied, "No, ma'am, but I don't reckon I want to be. I'm all right as I am."

In a world where everybody craves success and happiness, what a relief this indifference is! At least, there is someone who realizes what a nuisance happiness really is! In the fairy story, you remember, the little girl learns this simple truth at the expense of a whole year of Christmases, granted by her fairy god-mother. But after a month of holidays, the houses are overflowing with presents, packages must be shoveled off the sidewalks, the police declare, streets must be cleared for traffic by snowplows on duty day and night. Yet today, if we should wrap in packages the optimists who sent the gifts, there would be such a shortage of boxes that we could dispense with the police.

On the other hand, reality is always more serious than fantasy. That we have a country filled with hundreds of thousands of graduates from colleges, as many more from business schools, and thousands more from parochial and high schools is no fairy tale. In our own state, Boston University graduates every year about twelve hundred students; so large is the graduating class that the exercises must be held in Boston Arena. Like wild animals, educated people are being turned loose on the country at large.

Pleased with this mass production of "intelligentsia", American educators sit back in their stuffed leather chairs and congratulate each other. "This is a fine thing," they say, "a fine thing. Soon we shall have everyone educated. Wouldn't George Washington be pleased if he could see us now!" And they are right! They are right!

But what is actually happening? What about this ensuing wave of optimism that is stifling and smothering the common sense of the masses? We have now not only the old dyed-in-the-wool optimist, but a new variety, "the voluntary optimist". Last winter, I heard an exceedingly pleasant lady speak on this very subject. We must overlook the fact, she intimated, that there are countless thousands unemployed in our own country, that labor is striving to take the profit and benefit out of capitalism. We must forget that across the Atlantic, a house-painter, standing on the top rung of his ladder, is putting the finishing touches on the map of Europe. As "voluntary optimists", we must be happy playing with our own "tiddly-winks".

This ceaseless haste to gain happiness, and to become successful, it must be granted, has always characterized America!

My first exposure to this impetuous haste was a trip to New York. Upon my arrival, my hostess whisked me out of Grand Central Station, prodded me forcefully in the back, and stuffed me into an over-crowded subway. Because of the train's speed, I was immediately button-holed out of my corner, and dragged down the aisle. An abrupt stop upset me. Hastening to catch my friend, I grabbed the sleeve of her coat. Wherever we were going, obviously we had very little time. Standing on the crowded pavement, amid the rumbling of the elevated, the shrieking of taxi horns, and the hurly-burly of the crowd, I yelled into her ear, "Do you think we shall be late?"

"Why, we're just going to lunch."

"Then, why are we in such a hurry?"

"Oh, everybody hurries in New York."

New York is, indeed, one of our typical American cities. There are screaming taxi horns to take the joy out of sleeping; crowded subways to take the fun out of traveling; and automats to take the pleasure out of eating. Little wonder Hardy said he would get very little rest if he were an American, for he would feel obliged to finish his sleeping as quickly as possible.

What a ridiculous situation is caused by our haste to become successful! We used to consider a man aggressive who opened the door at the faintest knock of opportunity; today he goes out and sets a trap for opportunity as it approaches the door-step. Making education pay has given us this newest variety of opportunist.

A public-spirited acquaintance stopped me, a few days ago, to ask in what profession I was interested. She woefully shook her head upon learning my choice. "No," she said, taking me by the arm in a motherly manner, "that will never do. There are not enough opportunities."

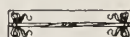
What are these busy-bodies and opportunists doing in the world of business and art? Successfully they have penetrated the innermost sanctuaries of the Muses. Even industry is taking advantage of their foolishness. In any magazine, there are eerie warnings of only one kind of mouthwash that employers like, gaudy pictures of celebrities who determine the model of hair-brush, or the brand of fruit juice that is to be used everywhere by "successful people". In much

the same manner, Dale Carnegie, in "How to Win Friends and Influence People", visualizes a world in which we may all be successful. But we must always remember to send flowers to our friends on their birthdays. Then too, the customer is always right; if not, we must never let him know. Consequently, Rockwell Kent today declares that an alphabet project for unemployed artists will save the good name of the arts. By keeping the second class artists happy, and making them successful, beauty can be brought down for the enjoyment of all classes. In short, we shall all be artists at the expense of the geniuses. But, in the eyes of the German philosopher, Schopenhauer, "genius is the power of leaving one's own interests, and wishes entirely out of sight". I suspect not many of us will be confronted with the problem of living up to the reputation of geniuses, but, at least, we shall find it necessary, in this erudite world, to appear intelligent and rational, and that may mean leaving our own interests and wishes entirely out of sight.

That most delightful of all old world philosophers, George Santayana, confesses in his "Reason in Religion" that what he longs for most sadly is his childhood faith in the religion of his native Spain. "I believe her though I know she lies."

The Vermont philosopher in his simple way says the same thing when he declares that he isn't happy, but he is all right the way he is. If we combine the rationalism of Schopenhauer, the truthfulness of Santayana, and the simplicity of the Vermonter, it may be that we can escape this contagion of racing through educational institutions in a wild and frantic dash after happiness and success.

—MARGARET BURROWS



Pastoral

The smell of chaff,
The tickle of hay,
Steel of milk pails
Beginning the day.
The neigh of horses
Stamping in stalls,
The cackling clatter
Of henhouse calls.
Sound of animals
Munching the grain,
And shouts of men
At work again!

—SALLY DICKINSON.

Valedictorian Essay

TRANQUILLITY

It is evening in Berlin. In the middle of the square have been heaped many of Goethe's books. A Nazi, impersonal and efficient, touches a torch to the kindlings. A tiny yellow veil of fire, increasing in size, soon overruns the pile, licking its lips with orange-tipped tongues of flame. The pages of Goethe turn sear, curl, and dwindle. Lurid in the darkness, the shifting light of the fire flickers, blood red, over a broken shop window, where there is scrawled a single word "Jude". Higher and higher the flames go, fed by the fire of Goethe. A boy of twelve, in a new uniform of the Hitler Youth, watches, his face glowing with the heat. From where he stands, the ambitious flames seem to lick even at the stars. Before long, the fire wanes. By morning, the ashes of Goethe's works are cold.

When such occurrences and the horrors they symbolize are common, do we have much incentive to live? Greed, fear, hatred, false patriotism form nation's policies. In our own country are floods, overabundance, unemployment, and starvation. Over all the world broods the shadow of future war, cowardly and unheroic. When world culture is on the brink of a crisis which has been called more disastrous than the fall of Rome, do we have much incentive to live?

There is no need for despair. Whatever cares trouble us, we can still have comparative tranquillity and joy. We live a fortunate existence, if only we have the ability to realize the fact. We always have our sensations, our friends, and our minds. The consoling touch of a dog's cold nose, the stubborn eccentricities of a friend, the inspiration of the sweep of history are always ours. With a keen appreciation of life, we can form a better character, tranquil even in trouble.

Every hour is full of fascinating experiences. I recall one particular night. Something awakened me. A vagrant feather of a snowflake floated onto my nose, and, turning coldly into a drop of water, rolled aimlessly down toward the sheet. Vaguely I thought of shutting the window. Yet the holes I had worn in the mattress were warm and comfortable. An old car squeaked and rumbled on its way down the street, while its headlights made on the walls of my room two flashes of yellow light, and gave a sudden sharp contour and shadow to a chair. As the car passed on, the chair became again a friendly blur. From somewhere in the night came the primeval eery call of a cat. An uncertain male quartet, rendering "Heaven Can Wait", was meandering home nearby. Once more, snow, cold and light, began to sprinkle on my face. I turned over, thinking of little heaps of this snow sifting onto the puff, the desk, and me. Dozing off, I decided I ought to shut the window. The last noises I heard were the purr of a mouse's feet through the walls, and the dying ticks of the clock I had neglected to wind. Such moments are perfect contentment.

Lying in bed in nocturnal peace, one bewails the fate of those who must be in a political storm, or even in one of nature. But natural storms have attractions of their own, as a friend and I discovered recently on a bicycle trip in the rain. Thoroughly soaked, I was riding straight at a large rain drop which was aiming for my eye. We met, and I "took it" without blinking. Soon after, a wiry-haired dog of indeterminate breed came loping down the road. He amicably smelled of our wheels, and, satisfied, ran along beside with an air of ownership. He seemed to enjoy watching the bicycles as they noisily divided the water of a puddle, and, then, feeling the

cold splash. Perhaps he even liked the wet smells of green fields just out of snow, and the faint fragrance of onion. We decided this carefree poet was the reincarnation of Walt Whitman. At any rate, he answered to the name of Walt. Though I needed a windshield wiper for my glasses, though my feet were numb and my sandwiches soggy, I'll always have pleasant memories of that day when we met Walt Whitman.

But enjoyment can come from commonplace, routine jobs, as well as in trips away from home. One morning in early spring, while I was washing dishes, I stopped to dabble with the fragile froth of suds and to sniff the hot clean smell of drying glass. As I looked out the window, a bird whirred onto the feeding station. He was an English sparrow. Instructed as a child that his race were dirty, thievish, murderous pests, I had deigned to look at them only rarely. Now, watching the sparrow, I was surprised. Valiantly fighting off a hungry competitor for food, he displayed his forceful bill, his black bib, and the finely delineated white of his wing bars. The blending of gray and chestnut on his head was lovely. Musing on his beauty, and munching a piece of cold, cooked carrot, I slammed shut all the cupboard doors in succession. The beauty of an English sparrow, the soul of a dog, a mouse's purring in the night—all are parts of the pleasure of life.

Sincere sympathy with the lives of other persons adds to this enjoyment. There is much interesting variety in even a single individual. I am thinking now of a man in whom there is perhaps more diversity than in any other human being I know. He is a naturalist whom I call Mr. MacTierin. Vivid in the thickest fog, because of the brilliance of his sweater and sunburn, he shares with everyone his wide and accurate knowledge, and provokes laughter by his jokes, even when these are old. With enthusiasm undampened by an accidental dip in the ocean, he indentifies birds almost before they come into view; he recites their field marks, and points out their nests. He is such a mimic that an oriole, hearing his song, lands on his head, and a cow moos passionately in return to his bellowing. With his mimicry, knowledge and effervescent humor, Mr. MacTierin is an extraordinary acquaintance.

Knowing such personalities as this man, and experiencing the joys of our senses make our lives more pleasant. And we have yet another source of happiness, learning. For all of us are eager for knowledge, in some form, whether it is the philosophy of Aristotle, the way to pack a leaky faucet, or the skill of performing a swan dive. From ordinary life and casual experience, we absorb many facts; from reading, many more. The life and loves of Julius Caesar, or of a cowbird, a poem written by Shakespeare, the way to pour out of a gallon can, the first letter of a name we ought to know, thousands of curious facts are accumulated without evaluation.

But, as we live, we chance on bits of the philosophy of others.

"The world is too much with us."

"The miracle of my thumb joint is enough to confound all the atheists."

"I have had a great deal of trouble in my life, most of which never happened."

From these thoughts, from our own experience, and from our own personality, we try to form a science of living. We know that a healthy life is difficult today, especially in such an atmosphere as exists in parts of Europe, where constraint, hatred, fear, and grief can be extreme, and where the burning of Goethe's books is only a small occurrence. It must be hard for an anti-Nazi in Germany to keep both his sanity and his ideals. Essential in every philosophy that gives any tranquillity and happiness are: appreciation of the smell of the first snow; a true evaluation of an ingenious, sharp-tongued friend; and a curiosity about what makes a puppy dog go.

“Can’t You See Them?”

Perhaps you remember there was a hurricane last fall. About it everybody came to talk in the news room. Can’t you see them? A college professor, a spinster, an apple-grower, a girl of high school age, a college student, and a housewife. I was there, too.

The professor was a distinguished-looking gentleman of about fifty-five years. His gentle features and thin grey hair were prominent as he scanned the last and only copy of the precious issue through his pince-nez. He was awkwardly attired in a brown suit, but his unusual height was impressive. The superior knowledge must have been hidden under geniality. “Hmmm-Hitler threatens to invade the Czechs again. Wouldn’t it be nice if he’d blow out as soon as this hurricane did?”

The spinster, somewhat older than the professor, put down her umbrella long enough to probe for her glasses in a large handbag. She also coveted a glance at the only remaining paper. Sharp features characterized her as old New England stock, just as a thin figure, in a dark coat and ancient hat, put her into another generation. Since she did not usually engage in conversation with parties unknown, it was hard for her to get up courage to speak. Her comment was perhaps uncharitable. “Why should the Americans be concerned with the fate of the Czechoslovakians? They don’t worry about the New Deal!”

Next in line was the weather-beaten apple farmer from South Amherst. His ruddy face, the grey eyes, and several days’ growth of beard, showed from under his battered hat. He wore an old leather jacket, mud splattered trousers, and rubber boots. The intelligence and strength in his appearance marked him as the type of man who is the backbone of our nation. While he scanned the sole copy of the evening news, he was complaining: “My wife and I usually eat all the windfalls, but I don’t like applesauce that much! Does it say anything here about relief for the farmers?”

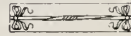
Claiming the second section was a young college student who had chopped wood all day. His dress included a little green freshman’s cap, a tattered brown sweater, and overalls. His face was excusably dirty and his hands quite blistered. But he was handsome enough. His blond hair and blue eyes were much in his favor. After a glimpse at the sport page he exclaimed, “Boy, oh boy, the Cubs have beaten the Pirates three straight! I’ll bet a million they beat the Yankees in the World Series!”

Standing behind the freshman, and trying hard to see “Little Abner” over his shoulder was a high school girl of sixteen or so. She was wearing one of those white denim jackets, a blue skirt, and sport shoes. Her hair was curled just below her ears, setting off a rather pretty face. She also owned a charming dimple in each cheek, and a pair of brown eyes wistful at the moment. Because it was an unsympathetic audience of which to inquire the probable outcome of her favorite comic’s marital problems, she said nothing.

The last to fall heir to the well-worn paper was a fairly young housewife. She had just stepped down from her apartment, and was not at her best. A housefrock with a white collar, and an apron made up her costume, while a buxom figure filled it out. Her forehead and chin shone; she was the good-cook-and-capable-mother type. "You know," she said, "when I went to school, I learned that the earth had an axis; but only lately did I find that it's more correctly called the Rome-Berlin Axis."

Just then the clerk came back, and I left them all trying to buy the only newspaper in the store.

—JOHN HOWKINS.



Epitaph

I

Here on this spot
Lies an ordinary tree,
To you a "Mac" apple,
But a childhood to me.

III

I knew it was childish,
But I felt that way,
As I scrambled up high
So happy and gay.

V

It came at the dusk
Of my "young-girl's" day,
And it swept down the tree;
Cast my childhood away.

II

It was only September
That I started to climb,
And grasp for the apples
Before their time.

IV

But God took my tree,
And my childhood, too,
When he sent us destruction
Before it was due.

VI

So I stand on this grave
Of my two best friends,
And I mourn now the brevity
Of the friendship God lends.

—SALLY DICKINSON.

“Mine”

Milton's lady is not a very impressive character. She gives the effect of being neither very intelligent nor resourceful; rather, she is a sweet, helpless, young thing who is more of an ornament than a use. Possibly that lady was the ideal of Milton's age, but, fortunately, she is not of ours.

My ideal must have, above all else, two important qualities—intelligence and personality. I do not mean that she must have a Ph.D., rather, a quick, keen mind with lots of common sense. By personality, I mean a friendly attitude with an even temper, together with an attractive appearance. If the world had more women of this type and fewer of Milton's type, it would be much better off.

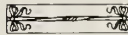
—ROBERT WEBBER.

If ever I pick a wife, I hope that I shall be sensible enough to get a good one. She should be beautiful but not dumb. May she always be able to talk intelligently,—able to act in an emergency. If there is work to be done, let her do her share! I must be able to look down upon her, not up to her. In order that this be possible, she must not be too tall. I hope, furthermore, that she will not weigh more than one hundred and ten pounds. Let us pray that there is somewhere such a woman.

—JAMES FULTON.

My ideal follows Milton's in many respects. Requirement number one is “brains”. I do not mean that she must be a genius, but that she must have an I. Q. in the double figures. Requirement number two is personality. She must have some personal trait that every other woman does not have. My third requirement is the ability to be silent in both word and manner. A woman “beautiful but dumb” will never be mine, I hope.

—FREDERICK McLAUGHLIN.



Who Knows

Who knows
What the days may say,
Or what the nights may tell?
Who knows
What the months have told,
Or what the years may hold?
Who knows
What our future or destiny,
Or what our life may be?
Who knows?

—JANE HOMAN.



FRESHMAN CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS



ACTIVITIES



Gold Bug

Editor

MARGARET BURROWS

Assistant Editors

{ RUTH HAMLIN
{ LAURENCE DONAHUE

Business Managers

{ WILLIAM SEREX
{ JAMES FULTON
{ JOHN VONDELL

Photography Editor

WILLIAM HOSFORD

Faculty Adviser

MISS MILDRED WEEKS

Associate Editors:

ALICE NEEDHAM
MAE DAMERST
DOROTHY JOHNSON
SALLY DICKINSON
PATRICIA WELLINGTON
THERESA FINN
PHYLLIS MORGAN
BARBARA GLAZIER

A trip to the printing office to see the presses was the first organized move of the "general staff." Everybody agreed that the idea was good. But the dissension was to follow at the first meeting. Naively, the board discussed arrangements for senior pictures, write-ups, and the general plan of the book. After the first conversation with the printer's representative, however, the vocabulary of the staff had changed. In an off-hand manner, they spoke of "the final dummy," the placing of the "cuts," and "draping the heads." In fact, by the middle of the year, thanks to the advice and help of Miss Weeks, the board felt quite secure in its professional capacity. Then the advertising work began! Little realizing what the practical world of business was like, the sophisticated staff members set out to attack the merchants with their salesmanship. Sad was the expression on many of their faces when they found themselves before the awesome dignitaries of the business world; sadder was that same expression when, seconds later, they were standing on the cold pavement outside the store. Now and then, however, they were lucky.

In May came the excitement. Just a few days before the book was to go to press! Last minute arrangements to be made! Belated write-ups to be proofed! And Miss Weeks always ready and willing to help! Then the great day came. Again the "general staff" agreed upon a trip to the printing company. Standing before the great machines, and watching the pages fly through the presses, the board members, with satisfaction, turned to congratulate each other. After all, there had been fun in the work, as well as mistakes. And what a lot the staff had learned!



Student Council

President

ROGER SMART

Secretary

ESTHER THAYER

Vice-President

JOHN HARRINGTON

Adviser

RALPH HASKINS

An essential feature of every year's activities—the Student Council was formed exceptionally early this year. The reason—the Student Activities' Association. The formation and formal launching of this new plan was directed by the Council.

Under the careful guidance of this year's officers: Roger Smart, President; John Harrington, Vice-President; and Esther Thayer, Secretary, the Council decided to introduce many new plans into the governmental system. After much discussion, the group finally created a plan for more efficiently organized student government.

The Traffic squad and its troubles were considered at the meetings, along with other conditions—the temperature of the locker rooms, destruction of posters, and the lighting of the main bulletin board.

During the last four months, the Student Council has been forming a new custom: a ten-minute period every Thursday morning for Council members to discuss school conditions with students in the home rooms. Such a period is intended to arouse greater student interest. With the help of all students, it is hoped that future Councils will make actual the possibilities of a student government plan.



Tri-S

OFFICERS:

President MAE DAMERST
Vice-President NANCY RYAN
Treasurer ANNETTE DONALDSON
Secretary MARY RYAN

ADVISERS:

Sport Section MARJORIE EBERHARDT
Service Section EDITH PINNICK
Social Section LAURA COOLEY

Social, Service, and Sport—the activities of three clubs in one! As President, Mae Damerst was busy this year.

Early in the fall came the famous supper, planned and completed by the social section, directed by Miss Cooley. Helen Kosakowski supervised the cooking; needless to say, the feast was a success. But the most exciting event of the club year was the traditional Valentine's Day Dance. Unusual were the red decorations! Delicious, the refreshments! Successful, the event!

The Sport Section, with Miss Eberhardt as adviser, was prominent in the interclass basketball games after school hours. A roller skating party at the Gables provided an entertaining evening for the many girls who attended. In the spring there were new activities. A group of the girls planned a successful bicycle trip. Through the efforts of Aspasia Babacas, a girls' baseball team was able to compete in one game with the Hopkins' team.

With Miss Pinnick as supervisor, and Barbara Paige as Chairman, the Service Section had an important part in the year's accomplishment.



Hi-Y

President

ROBERT WEBBER

Secretary

WILLIAM HOSFORD

Vice-President

EVAN FOTOS

Adviser

GILMAN RANDALL

"To create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian living."

In trying to carry out the motto of Hi-Y, the officers planned many educational and enjoyable programs throughout the year.

To start the year, Professor Glick gave some much needed advice on "Common Sense." Mr. McCormack of the Boys Club contributed some tricks of "Applied Psychology." Movies of the Grenfell Missions and the Labrador coast were shown by Professor Sears. With an illustrated lecture on "The Mysteries of the Universe," Professor Green took the members into the vastness of space. As "Bob" Webber said, "Professor Bain brought them back" with a discussion of "The Geological History of the Connecticut Valley."

In addition to this stimulating program, there were monthly feasts in the school cafeteria. The food was cooked by the members themselves. In fact, even Mr. Randall gained much fame by wielding the frying pan. These "feeds" were followed by some basketball and a lot of unprepared homework.

In the social field, the members "came out" for a Christmas Party in December, and a Father-and-Son Night in February. The "final blossoming out" came at the June picnic when the members met for a farewell gathering.



Orchestra

Director DORIC ALVIANI *Secretary* KATHLEEN CRITCHETT

Immediately after the opening of school, our new music instructor, Mr. di Gianantonio, began the reorganization of the orchestra. For the annual appearance at the Eastern States Exposition, a period of incessant rehearsing followed. The hurricane prevented the traditional trip! But, after playing at a Parent-Teachers' meeting, the orchestra was rewarded for its diligence by the appreciation and enthusiasm shown at the Junior Play and the Christmas Assembly.

Soon after mid-year examinations, Mr. Alviani returned to continue the work of Mr. di Gianantonio, who had resigned. In February the orchestra appeared in a program for the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In April, some of the orchestra members played at a banquet at the State College. With the enthusiastic assistance of the glee club, the orchestra presented its spring concert, which was, in keeping with tradition, an event to be remembered.

Also, in April came the anxiously awaited Music Festival at the State College, in which our school was well represented. The traditional appearance at graduation in June will complete a successful season.



Band

Director GILMAN RANDALL *Secretary* KATHLEEN CRITCHETT

In the fall, the band members looked forward eagerly to the annual events of their musical world. In place of Mr. Alviani was a new "maestro", Mr. di Gianantonio, who seemed to have great interest in the band. But, because many veteran players had graduated last June, the band was not "in condition" to play at football and basketball games.

After mid-years, however, new force and interest in the work were supplied by the leadership of Mr. Randall. New music was procured, and new inspiration.

There was the added excitement of the Music Festival to be held in April. The ex-maestro and founder, Mr. Tarlow, returned to lead an all-band concert, in which Amherst High was represented. Remembering the crowded conditions under which he had worked, Mr. Tarlow certainly appreciated the new music room.

After the fun of preparing for the festival, the band settled down to learn a marching routine for Memorial Day. By the time of that festive event, the school's musical reputation was well established by the band members in their maroon and white uniforms.

In June, the annual spring concert presented at Sweetser Park was enthusiastically received. Especially prominent in the program were some special arrangements of several martial airs.

At graduation another successful band year closed, taking with it some of the band members, but leaving others to continue next year with the same enthusiasm.



Junior Play

CAST

<i>William Silvanus Baxter</i>	JOHN VONDELL	<i>John Watson</i>	JAMES FULTON
<i>Jane Baxter</i>	MAUDE PETERS	<i>George Crooper</i>	RICHARD CRAMER
<i>Genesis</i>	ROLAND VERBECK	<i>Mr. Parcher</i>	LAURENCE DONAHUE
<i>Mrs. Baxter</i>	PATRICIA WELLINGTON	<i>"Joe" Bullitt</i>	EVAN FOTOS
<i>Mae Parcher</i>	MAE DAMERST	<i>Ethel Boke</i>	HELEN VAN METER
<i>Lola Pratt</i>	HELEN KOSAKOWSKI	<i>Mary Brooks</i>	URSULA BAKER
<i>Mr. Baxter</i>	CALVIN McCULLOUGH	<i>Wallie Banks</i>	FRANK RAY
<i>Coach</i>			MISS DOROTHY LEE

The triumph of our dramatically-inclined faction was the Junior Play. Never before was Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" presented with such energy and ability. This success was possible, however, only through the complete coöperation of property managers, coach, stage hands, technicians, and incidentally, the actors. Any observer of the endless rehearsals in the Town Hall must always remember "Cal" McCullough's buck-and-wing, and "Junior" Verbeck's antics. In spite of these distractions, the cast worked—really worked—as the finished product showed. While making the behavior of a ten-year-old into a fine art, "Maudie" Peters kept the cast convulsed. John Vondell did a beautiful job of being seventeen. On the other hand, Laurence Donahue took a fatherly interest in the situation. In fact, the entire cast was magnificent! Their ability, however, would probably have gone for naught except for the guiding hand and direction of Miss Lee.



Graphic

<i>Editor-in-chief</i>	LAURENCE DONAHUE	<i>News</i>	RICHARD ALLEN
<i>Business Manager</i>	FRANK RAY	<i>Music</i>	JOSEPH GORDON
<i>Features</i>	JOHN HARRINGTON	<i>Publicity</i>	BYRON SARRIS
<i>Art</i>	JAMES HOLDSWORTH	<i>Typist</i>	JOSEPHINE KISELEWSKI
<i>Sports</i>	PHILIP ANDERSON	<i>Adviser</i>	JOSEPH MOORE

The Graphic staff, filled with new spirit after the vacation months, began a successful year, with Mr. Moore as adviser. The staff showed in its first edition that its hearts and minds were working together. Everyone seemed eager to coöperate with the editor-in-chief, Laurence Donahue.

The gift of the Class of 1917, a plaque to be awarded to the student who makes the best contributions during the year, added interest and enthusiasm to the work. Everyone went to work sharpening his pencil and brain.

Another urge to write was supplied by the Graphic staff itself. Contests were organized. Prizes were awarded to the author of the best poem, essay or cartoon. These contests proved interesting not only to those who contributed, but also to readers who were anxious to know who won and why.

The Graphic offers an excellent opportunity to all who wish to have their creative work read by their contemporaries. With Mr. Moore at the head of such an energetic group, the Graphic could not fail to be what it has been all year—an excellent paper.



Football

Captain

C. NELSON WATTS

Coach

GEORGE WILLIAMS

Manager

LEO FLEURY

In September, when the call was issued for the first football practice, none of us suspected that there was on the way one of our best football teams. The season's record proved, beyond a doubt, that the team was one of the most clever in western Massachusetts. The success can be attributed to the excellent training by Coach Williams, and unusual ability in the positions that each member played. "Joe" Toczydlowski was often seen dodging a heavier and stronger opponent in running to the goal. In the time of need, "Mike" Woynar kicked the ball far down the field; Captain Watts and "Stan" Wziontka advanced the ball by making winning passes. On the defence, while "Jack" Deady, Alden Hobart, and "Ed" Warner blocked the line, George Pushee, the center, broke up the opponents' attack by his sensational interceptions. After the excitement of the final Northampton game, Coach Eck of "Hamp" said that he had seen no better team that year than that of Amherst High. In fact "Joe" Toczydlowski was chosen for the "All Western Massachusetts" first team. As a reward, at the end of the season, came the victory banquet at the Lord Jeffery in honor of the team.

SCORES

Westfield	0-33	Ware	6-12	Chicopee	0-6	Enfield	0-32
Commerce	0-0	Templeton	7-19	South Hadley	0-25	Northampton	6-37



Basketball

Captain JOSEPH TOCZYDŁOWSKI *Coach* GEORGE WILLIAMS
Manager ROLAND VERBECK *Scorekeeper* WILLIAM SEREX

How the crowds turned out to witness the battles of the basketball team! Little wonder! The team of '39 boasted three last year's lettermen, "Stan" Wziontka, "Caesar" Kuzmiski, and Captain "Joe" Toczydlowski. Six other players appeared, "Bud" Kneeland, "Bob" Jordan, "Fred" McLaughlin, "Mike" Woynar, "Don" Miller, and Henry Ziomek. Each player did his best. "Caesar" Kuzmiski was always sinking the ball in the basket. Unfortunately, however, he was unable to play in all the games because of a leg injury. At the time of his accident, he was the leading scorer in the Hampshire League. "Don" Miller, blessed with long arms and legs, towered over his opponents in reaching for the ball. Characteristic of "Joe" was his fast interception; of "Stan" his powerful right-arm shots. Roland Verbeck became the busy manager; "Bill" Serex, scorekeeper. Although the team lost eleven of the twenty games, there were always strong competition and athletic comedy—lollypops for Chicopee, oranges for Orange, onions for Hopkins, and scores for Amherst.

SCORES

Alumni	32	Amherst	25	Arms	31	Amherst	15
Easthampton	20	Amherst	29	Deerfield	25	Amherst	27
Chicopee	32	Amherst	30	South Hadley	21	Amherst	31
Commerce	37	Amherst	27	Smith Academy	28	Amherst	27
Easthampton	30	Amherst	31	Smith School	32	Amherst	17
Smith Academy	27	Amherst	29	Orange	30	Amherst	31
Hopkins	15	Amherst	14	Arms	29	Amherst	26
South Hadley	22	Amherst	38	Hopkins	19	Amherst	9
Smith School	13	Amherst	11	Deerfield	21	Amherst	29
Orange	25	Amherst	37	Chicopee	32	Amherst	27



Baseball

<i>Captain</i>	LEONARD PAGE	<i>Coach</i>	GEORGE WILLIAMS
	<i>Manager</i>	JOHN FITZGERALD	

Although we lost the first Hampshire league game to Arms Academy by a score of 4-0, since then, we have had overwhelming victories. We beat Deerfield by a score of 23-0. What a pleasure the game was with Hopkins, our old enemy! Amherst 10; Hopkins 3. On May tenth, our team topped Smith School by thirty-two runs against their two. These games foretold a successful season and a possible chance of visiting Springfield. Both fielding and batting were good. "Frannie" Strange was foremost on the mound, and "Len" Page was the catcher and captain. The infield consisted of John Page, second base; Henry Kolasinski, short stop and "Bill" Hosford, third base. The outfielders were: Oscar Peterson, Myron Bolouch, and "Joe" Toczydlowski. Each player did his part behind the bat. "Frannie" Strange will long be celebrated for hitting a home run; "Len" Page for his unusual batting in the game with Arms Academy. The large audience especially enjoyed the worthwhile efforts of the team.



Track

Coach.

NORMAN MYRICK

The track squad anticipated a busy season this year, and incidentally, a successful one. Among the participants were "Charlie" Warner, who won the Western Massachusetts championship for low hurdling, and "Don" Herring, who hurled the discus for a magnificent distance. Almost every afternoon, under the splendid training of Mr. Myrick, the boys practised many different yard dashes at Massachusetts State College. There were three dual meets and a Western Massachusetts interscholastic meet. With their excellent training and coöperation, the team manifested always the spirit and joy of '39.

Amherst High School
Room Six
June 9, 1939.

Dear Seniors,

"Good-bye" is not a pleasant word, but unless one leaves, he cannot arrive. A vista of infinite possibilities awaits you. On the way you will leave many things — for new ones. The new, you will find, is not always easy, but without change, there is no happiness. "Man never is, but always to be blessed."

The past is not forgotten; it makes the present, always! (Just as well, perhaps, if you don't forget that.) As long as you live, you will remember Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton. And, as if that were not enough, you will remember, too, (I hope) that in Room Six, as well as teaching you the difference between a gerund and a participle, the English teacher tried to fill your minds and hearts with a courage so constant and so sturdy that never will you be afraid — to live! Forget, if you like, the difference between a gerund and a participle.

No longer your English Teacher; always

Your friend,
Mildred A. Weeks.



- Printers of Mount Holyoke Alumnae
Quarterly, School and College Annuals
and Periodicals

UNITY PRESS, Inc.,

HOLYOKE, MASS.

The Engravings For This Annual Were Furnished By The
ADVERTISERS ENGRAVING COMPANY
126 Dorrance Street Providence, R. I.

The Best in Drug Store Service
The Best in Drug Store Merchandise

HENRY A. ADAMS

The Rexall Store

5 South Pleasant Street, Amherst, Mass.

WILLIAMS, McCLOUD & CO.

INSURANCE of all KINDS
and REAL ESTATE

Telephone 888

SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

AMHERST

Compliments of

GULF SERVICE STATION

D. R. HORTON, *Prop.*

PALM BEACH SUITS

Tailored By Goodall

sold exclusively

... BY ...

THOMAS F. WALSH

SHEAFFER — PARKER — WATERMAN
FOUNTAIN PENS

SKRIP — QUINK — and CARTER'S Fluid
Every Kind of Writing Ink

A. J. HASTINGS
Newsdealer and Stationer

GRIGGS, INC.
HOME FURNISHERS

124 Amity Street
AMHERST, MASS.

Tel. 16

JACKSON & CUTLER

Dealers in

DRY and FANCY GOODS
READY TO WEAR

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of

DOUGLASS — MARSH

FURNITURE — RUGS

*Where Courteous Service
Is Outstanding*

AMHERST at the head of the VILLAGE GREEN

COLLEGE CANDY KITCHEN Incorporated

The Place With Nice Things

Tasty and Wholesome Lunches
Sparkling, Fresh-Fruit Drinks

Rich Ice Cream, College Ices, Sherbets
and Daily Homemade Pastry

Fine Candy and Salted Nuts
EXCELLENT SERVICE

S-A-V-E

With Modern Electric

C-O-L-D

**WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
ELECTRIC CO.**

ELECTRIC SERVICE

**THE JEFFERY AMHERST
BOOKSHOP, Inc.**

AMHERST : : MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of

DEADY'S DINER

E. M. SWITZER, JR.

CLOTHING HABERDASHERY

BEMENT COAL COMPANY

D. & H. ANTHRACITE KOPPERS COKE
BEST GRADES BITUMINOUS

FIRE WOOD

30 MAIN STREET : : Phone 232

BURNETT & NASH

INSURANCE and REAL ESTATE

Telephone 992-W - - 34 Main St.

**AMHERST CLEANERS AND
DYERS**

PHONE 828

AMHERST - - MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of

RALPH T. STAAB

FORD SALES and SERVICE

NORTH AMHERST Telephone 1173-W

STEPHEN J. DUVAL

Optometrist and Optician

Compliments of

GREEN'S GARAGE

Triangle Street : : Amherst, Mass.

Compliments of

WESTCOTT & SON

PACKERS and MOVERS
CRATING and STORAGE

For DEPENDABLE FUEL

and PROMPT SERVICE

PHONE 20

C. R. ELDER

AMHERST - - MASSACHUSETTS

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

REMEMBER - -

The best place to buy your

CLOTHING

at reasonable prices

is - -

F. M. THOMPSON & SON



The Lord Jeffery

A "TREADWAY INN"

Wishes Each Member

of the '39 Class

SUCCESS!

and a Realization of Every Ambition

ST. GERMAIN STUDIOS

236 MAPLE STREET

Holyoke, Mass.



1421 MAIN STREET

Springfield, Mass.



Class Photographer 1939

**THE MUTUAL PLUMBING
& HEATING CO.**



**HARDWARE
ELECTRICAL GOODS
RADIOS**

AMHERST SAVINGS BANK

AMHERST, MASS.

Savings Deposits and Life Insurance

Compliments of

H. A. THOMAS

BROWNbilt

SHOES

THE GIFT NOOK

Inexpensive and Attractive

GIFTS

22 MAIN STREET

LANNON'S MARKETS

RED & WHITE FOOD STORES

NORTH AMHERST — SUNDERLAND

AND AMHERST

Compliments of

R. L. BATES

NORTH AMHERST

Compliments of

**THE WELLWORTH
PHARMACY, INC.**

**BILL'S COLLEGE
DRUG STORE**

Rx

W. H. McGRATH

PROPRIETOR

W. R. BROWN & COMPANY

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Telephone 1

WHITCOMB'S

AMHERST THEATRE BUILDING

HARDWARE — PAINT

WALL PAPER

C. CLIFTON WINN

JEWELER

FINE WATCH REPAIRING

22 Main Street : : Telephone 710
AMHERST, MASS.

FULTON'S ICE CREAM

ICE CREAM
for
ALL OCCASIONS

Call 545-M

22 AMITY STREET

*BEST WISHES TO THE
CLASS OF '39*

AMHERST LAUNDRY CO., INC.

11 EAST PLEASANT STREET

Telephone 3-W

FOOD THAT SATISFIES

*... at Prices that Satisfy
... with Service that Satisfies!*

LOUIS' DELICATESSEN

76 No. Pleasant Street : : Telephone 478

JAMES A. LOWELL

—◆—
BOOK SELLER

—◆—
Books and Stationery

AMHERST THEATRE

AMHERST, MASS.

—
Matinees Daily at 2 P. M.

Evenings Continuous from 6:30 P. M.

Saturday and Sunday Continuous 2 to 10:30 P. M.

Compliments of

BOLLES SHOE STORE



Compliments of

DAVID'S BOOT SHOP

NORTHAMPTON

McCANN'S ICE CREAM
CANDIES

Clothing for Men and Young Men

HARRY N. GAUDETTE CO.

57 No. Pleasant St. :: Amherst, Mass.

GRANGE GROCERY STORE

Dealers in

QUALITY GROCERIES

The Best In Foods

CARPENTER and MOREHOUSE

Where Good PRINTING

Is Still a CRAFT

TEL. 43 - - AMHERST, MASS.

BEST WISHES
to the
CLASS OF '39

DR. THOMAS E. SULLIVAN
DENTIST

APHS LIBRARY

[illegible]

